An Elegie.

UPON

The truely lamented Death

OF

Sir Iohn Wolstenholme, Knight;

WHO

On the of November, 1639.

Quitted the lower world,

and put on

Glorious Immortalitie.

By Fra. Quarles.

LONDON,

Printed by Tho. Cotes, for N. Alsop; and are to beſold at the Angell in Paul's head Alley. 1640.

An Elegie.

UPON

The truely lamented Death

OF

Sir Iohn Wolstenholme, Knight;

WHO

On the of November, 1639.

Quitted the lower world,

and put on

Glorious Immortalitie.

By Fra. Quarles.

LONDON,

Printed by Tho. Cotes, for N. Alsop; and are to beſold at the Angell in Paul's head Alley. 1640.

TO

My Honorable Friend,

SIR IOHN WOLSTENHOLME

Knight.

Sir,

THe Vertues of Parents are Freehold, but their Memorie is entayl'd, either Occonomically, upon Posterity, or Politically, upon all: Vnder this Title I claime, and having, like the Bee, suck'd from his Name, I present it to you, to preserve his Name from the Odours of his owne Flowers. How farre I stand from flattery; I appeale: What I have done, is but a small Posie, gathered out of

Greg. in Hom.

Sic mors cum venerit, vincitur, & principium vitæ, expectatur.

Greg. Iup. Math.

Mors Iustorum bonis est in adiutorium, malis, in testimonium.

Bern. in Ep.

Mors Iusti bona, propter Requiem; melior propter nouitatem; optima, propter securitatem.

Dedicatory,

his Garden: Happy is he, whole Herle can be ſtucke with ſuch flowers: Sir, ſuch is my confidence, that I queſtion not your gentle Acceptance, for his ſake that loves you and yours; But I acknowledge it a ſuller Teſtimony of my affection then his worth, though ſhort of both: For the laſt, the world will ſupply: for the firſt, let your goodneſſe excuſe

The Servant to his

Memory

and your merits,

FRA. QUARLES.

An Elegie.

4.

Death, that great Bug-beare of this finfull earth,
Whole pow'r no ftrength, no ftratageme can refift,
Whole very Name diffolves the foule of mirth,
Can tyrannize no further than you lift:
Th'immortall dames, in your immortall view,
Curle their vaine tackling, leave their idle Clue,
And can not worke their ends, forbid by you.

5.

Elle had the Glory of this Man of men
Liven like his duft, entomb'd, had not the wing
Of glorious Fame preferv'd it for your Pen,
As a fit fubject for the world to fing;
Elle had this great example chalk the wayes
Of Honor but to us, and loft the praife,
And imitation of fucceeding dayes.

6.

Flow then, my Quill, and let thy fable Tides
Weft thy rich creature to the worlds wide eare:
Feare not to let thy prefe be ditched;
Sighes be thy Impoft, and thy Cuftome, teares:
Proclame thy lading: fly, thou are replete
With all thofe fum-leffe fums, that did coplet,
And make the Name of Wolfmoline fo great.

An Elegie.

1.

A Wake, you slumbring lons of Art, and rouze,
Your fancies fuddl'd with the sacred streams:
You needs not steepe your line-creating browes,
A minit longer, in your Aytie dreames:
See, here's a Subject for you, will infuse
Such rides of Matter, that you needs not vse
The helpe of Art, or once implore a Muse.

2.

Broach not the Vessell of your strong Invention,
Nor let your Fancies licke your rugged Rhimes;
Let your mendicious tears begge no attention,
Or crave allsilance from th'unpraedull Times;
See, here's a subject for you, that will teare,
The Portalls open of the dearkt eare,
And force the hardest Marble to a Teare.

3.

Come, come, yee Nurses of th'eternall Quill,
That keepe the Records of surviving glory;
In spite of dust, and death, that can, and will
Preserve our Names in your immortall story;
Record his Memory, and enroll his Name,
Whole living worth the full mouth Trumpe of
Is proud to vent, and gloties to proclaime. (fame,
Death

An Elegie.

10.

Knowledge was treasur'd here, knowledge refin'd
In wisdomes Furnace, from her dross pride,
The high Ambition of whole humble made
Was but to know his frailtie and his Guide:
The vastnesse of his knowledge did exceed,
A large circumference, whole point did tend,
To th' Center of his God, himselfe, his end.

11.

Love, and true friendship, here, were arme in arme,
And sweetned all his actions; in his eye
Ingenuous mildnesse did present a Charme,
To foyle for rude Rebellion to deny:
Within the place of his loyall breft,
Crown'd with unblemish'd faith did sweetly rest
A single heart: He was what he profest.

12.

Mirth, taught to smile by the fecond fuggeftion
Of fecret peace, adorn'd his chearefull brow:
His conficence could not aske too hard a queftion
For his faire Innocence to anfwer to,
If ever ugly Guilt fhould chance t'appeare
Before his Eye, or whifper in his Eare,
His penfive faith would clenfe it with a teare.
Noble

An Elegie.

7.

Great is his Name indeed; Yea, ev'n to great,
As gracious vertue inexpressibly joyn'd (plea
With morall worth, can make; made more com-
With the rich Gifts of Fortune, as of Minde
Made greater yet, in being truely blest
With a calme conscience, in a smiling breft,
With living Honor, and a dying Reft.

8.

How fare his ancient lineage hath convay'd
His gentle Blood to thefe unhappy times,
Will crave difcourfe too ample to be made
The proper fubject of our purfie Rymes;
Nor needs we borrow honor from paft dayes,
To peece his worth; Has left enough to raife
A perfect Patterne to his owne praife.

9.

Judgement was plac'd here; and to his heart,
Well-grounded wifdome was a welcome Gueft;
The rightcous Paths trul'd his better part,
And kept a Court of Chaunc'ry in his breft.
Truth banifht care-corrupting Error hence,
Grace clipt the wings of faith-controlling Sence,
And with his wifedome mingled Innocence.

Knowledge

An Elegie.

16.

Quicksighted Envy, beare my haste, and barke,
And gnaw her viperous tongue, or hurt for spite;
Her spleene-fed malice ne're had such a marke;
Her poyson'd shafts had ne're so faire a white:
His name's an Antidote that can repell
The very Quintessence of Aspe, and quell
The blacke Artillry of malicious Hell.

17.

Rest happy soule, and let unbridled deepe,
Crowne thy bleft Urne with unmolested peace;
And let glad Abrams glorious bolome keepe
Thy better part in joyes that never ceafe:
Triumph, enthron'd with thy Angellike peeres,
And let Melanura fill thy sacred eares,
Whilft we embalme thy ashes with our teares.

18.

Sorrow, (a name as much unknowne to thee,
As thy full joyes to us) must fill our breasts;
And we poore Mortalls are condemn'd to be
A prey to sadnesse, whilft thy Spirit rests
Dishharg'd of all concerned earth, and free
Pric all sbole damps & frailty Quaintes, that we,
Blind to thy Gaines, have through the lofte of thee.
Tis

An Elegie.

13.

Noble were all his Actions, full and free;
Prudently simple, providently wise:
Not vaunting to, that every eye should see;
Nor yet to close, to be afraid of eyes:
His great imployment, took a pride to waite
Upon the common good, and did relate,
To the Honor of his God, the Church, the State.

14.

Or lifely yet-enquiring eye inlaged
His private Actions, they will blazon forth
A pious heart, and glorioully reflect
Upon the honour of his Name, his worth:
His prudent hand did neither loofly waft,
Nor hid his Talent; His full hand did caft
His bounteous Bread for every want to taft.

15.

Peace-mirtle Plenty did not onely waite
Upon the welcome of his chearefull board,
But fairely lucrifix'd before his Gate;
Almes came, unask'd; and Plenty, unimplor'd:
No whining voyce was ever heard to call:
The bleffed Portalls of his bounteous Hall,
Were, every day, become an Hofpitall.

Quick-

An Elegie.

23.

You that desire to leave a lasting story,
Wherein your Names may live for ever crowned;
Here gaining Honor, and hereafter, Glory;
In life rewarded, and in death renown'd;
Behold your great Example; in whole wayes,
Can you but leade your Progreſſe, ye ſhall raiſe
Eternall Trophies of immortall Praiſe.

The End.

An Elegie.

19.

'Tis not a private losse, whole cafe dare,
Determines with a sigh; and so an end:
The Church hath losse a Patron; and the State,
A loyall Servant; and the Poore, a Friend:
The Oeconomicke shoulder onely beares
A single burthen, and it quickly weares;
But Panick sorrowes must have Panick teares.

20.

Vigorious passion here, triumphes and reignes
With Passion in an equall Diarchy;
Now, publike losse, and not his private gaines
Are the sad object of our teare-full eyes;
And then, the joy of his joy-mated soule
Cracks those teare-our selves, our selfe-sorrowe,
And even what we congratulate, we condole.

21.

Wipe off those teares, or if they needes must fall;
Take a new Object, to redeeme their losse;
They'l serve thee to lament thy selfe withall:
Better restrayd, than lavish out in Grosse:
Husband thy Fountaines well: Thou needs not
The danger of a second Deluge there (feare
If thou but dropp'st for every lime a teare.

You